

Journal of
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Verified by
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J O U R N A L O F D A N I E L C O K E R

New York, Friday, Feb. 4th, 1820

THIS day, great exertions were made to get our ship, the *Elibabeth*, (commanded by Captain Sebor) out, by cutting away the ice. Our hopes are sanguine of getting to sea, we are very much comforted under the expectation. This evening Mr. Bacon, read Duet. C. 11, and made some very appropriate and feeling remarks on the same; and I believe that his words were felt by most present. I am fully satisfied with the qualifications of the agents, and one qualification I estimate very highly, that is their piety. My dear family rests with ~~th~~ great weight on my mind. Not that I distrust the providence of God. In conversation our head agent observed that I should have to preach occasionally on board. I felt like sinking under the cross, and was brought to lift up my heart to God for aid. The cross felt greater than common.

New York, Saturday, Feb. 5

This day, after much labour, we got the ship out of the North River to the White Hall. I thought that sometimes Mr. Bacon forgot that he was mortal; I had to go on deck and beg him to go below. We are only waiting for wind, and then away. One of our coloured friends from Philadelphia (Joshua Moses) had to decline going, and returned on account of the indisposition of his family. He did it with seeming reluctance. We this day lost one of the children, two years old; much attention was paid, by the agents and physicians. But medical aid failed, and the child died. A few are sick with the measles, but in good spirits. The child above alluded to is to be interred tomorrow in the African Zion Church vault, the trustees are so good as to inter it free of expense.

There is a young (white) man from Philadelphia who came with the coloured friends, as their guardian, but he is to return; I feel him to be very near me; I hope to see him in the colony. His name is Christian Willburger. This evening Mr. Bankson, one of the agents, read for the evening lesson, Psa. 49. After which I offered up our expedition to God in prayer.

New York, Feb. 6, Sunday

This day, half-after one, we left New York, and put to sea. We left standing on the wharves, I believe some thousands of people, both white and coloured. I wrote from the Hook (or Light House) to the Rev. Wm. Millar, who was appointed one of a coloured committee in New York, requesting him to correspond with me, and to P. E. Thomas of Baltimore. When we got against the Light House, it became a calm and we lost the *Cyane*, United States ship of war, under whose convoy we ~~were~~^{are} to sail.

AT SEA, FEB. 7, Tuesday

We have nearly all the day been be-calmed and continue to be sea-sick; but somewhat better. In the afternoon I went down into the cabin. Mr. Bacon read much in the book of Psalms.

AT SEA, FEB. 9 WEDNESDAY

This day is stormy and wet; a number are sea-sick. I am so well as to write a little. The vessel can't lay her course.

" God moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform,

He plants his footsteps in the sea;

And rides upon the storm."

AT SEA, FEB. 10th THURSDAY

We are in the gulph stream, and make I believe slow head-way. In the evening the sea is rough. I came to the cabin door and looked out, never did my eyes behold such a sight. The sea appeared to run mountains high; should I attempt to describe the scene, language the most descriptive, that I could use, would fail.

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FEB. 11, FRIDAY

This is a day to try men's faith. We are still in the gulph, and it blows a heavy gale. While I was standing at the cabin door with one of the agents, and the ship's masts appeared, as it were, to mount to the very clouds, he observed " that it " would be well if we did not go to the bottom yet." It continues to increase. At midnight the captain could do nothing with the ship but to lash her helm down, and went to bed; we are left to the mercy of God, the waves from that till morning I have not language to describe. I found it to be a time of fervent prayer for the expedition and conversion of the heathen.

AT SEA, FEB. 12, SATURDAY

This morning, I awoke and found that the wind had greatly abated; the vessel had got under sail. Mr. Bacon called unto me, (as I slept in the next berth) to know how my faith was, I told him it was not moved. He interrogated each of the agents to the same purpose, Mr. Bankson, spoke in language that shewed strong faith in the arrival of the vessel in Africa. Indeed we all seemed to believe that so many were praying for us, that we should arrive in Africa. We had not been long under sail, before we espied a wreck, and the captain gave orders to steer for it. We found it to be the ship Elizabeth of Boston, the chief mate and two of the sailors got into the long-boat, and ventured to go to the windows to see

if any of the crew were on board; but found none. No doubt but that they are all drowned. O God! why were we spared? Surely because this expedition is the care of God, as it is the object of sincere prayer of thousands in America. My soul trembles that we may be faithful. And should God spare us to arrive in Africa that we may be useful.

AT SEA, FEB. 13, SUNDAY

This morning, the agent appointed me to preach, I spoke from Prov. XI^v. 32. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness but the righteous has hope in his death." I found liberty. Old brother F. Hall, (a native of Africa) closed with prayer. At night Mr. Bacon, read much from the accounts of the missionaries. Our souls were refreshed much thereby; and we felt encouraged in our work, in the conversion of the heathen.

AT SEA, FEB 14, MONDAY

Mr. Bacon and I talked close on the organization of a church, and agreed well. He is a clergyman of the English church; he is a man of a liberal mind, and a man of learning. I think the glory of God is his object. I had the pleasure of looking over the agent's papers (or documents) which gave me much satisfaction.

AT SEA FEB. 15, TUESDAY

This morning, the weather is fine; I have begun to read the "Rise of Idolatry," by Robert Millar, A. M., and find it contains much information. I find my ignorance to be very great - but may improve.

AT SEA, FEB. 16, WEDNESDAY

This day, we have pleasant sailing and fair wind, the minds of our agents are turned towards the governor of Sherbro, in what manner to bring the expedition before him, they have, however, concluded to lay the objects of the colonizing society, and the United States fully before him, in all its bearings, and leave the event to that God whose work we believe this is. Honesty is the best policy, and truth will cut its own way. The agents have given the expedition as much of a missionary character as they in truth could do.

AT SEA, FEB 17, THURSDAY

We continue to have a fair wind. I rose early this morning, went on deck, observed to the man at the helm, that we still were blessed with a fair wind, he said it could not be otherwise when so many were praying for us. Whether he was serious in this remark or not, I believe in its truth. The tremendous gale was made a blessing to my soul; it was a time of examination. On yesterday we saw a sail a-head, we thought it might be bound to some port in the United States. I wrote a letter to my dear wife. But at night the vessel disappeared and we saw her no more. We have not yet heard of or saw the Cyane, the captain thinks it likely that she has taken another course. The agents have now under consideration the propriety of making some regulations for the government of the colonists, while on board, as some little disturbance took place last night. The head agent is mild, but there must be energy to preserve good order, for all I find are not under the influence of grace.

AT SEA, FEB. 19, SATURDAY

We have been two days busily engaged in laying out the plan of a city and organizing our societies. Love prevails. While writing these lines I sit at the cabin window: Our Ship Elizabeth lashes the foaming brine, and while I look back on the closing track, the words of the prophet occur: Isa. ch. 18.- Oh! my soul, what is God about to do for Africa? Surely something great. Mr. Samuel Bacon and I sat up last night till a late hour pouring over our plan of a town. I feel him to be very near my heart, may God spare his life for the good of Africa. I am much pleased with the agents.

AT SEA FEB. 20. SUNDAY

We had worship this day, it was a pleasant time to me. The sermon was from DEUT. VIII. 19, I think that good impressions were made.

" Prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

AT SEA, FEB. 21, MONDAY.

Last night there was some severe wind that did some damage to the rigging, but our good God brought us through the night. The winds and the waves still obey his voice. This day the sea ran as it were mountains high; but we are enabled to sing;

J 5 " God of the seas, thy thundering voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice;
And one soft ^{word} ~~word~~ of thy command,
Can sink them silent in the sand!
If but a Moses waive the rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker know
And led his chosen armies through."

Dr. Watts.

AT SEA, FEB. 24, THURSDAY

This day it is fine and pleasant weather. We are at last in what is called the trade winds, latitude 25, north. Our minds and conversation much taken up with our expected arrival at the colony, and the reception that we shall meet with. Think some difficulty is anticipated at Sherbro, by our agents; still our confidence is unshaken, for the hearts of all men are in God's hands. O! that he may direct us in all our movements! May we be able at all times, and in every place to say

" Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee! "

Wesley.

All seem tolerably well on board; I have a violent pain in my head. Tomorrow is set apart as a day of fasting and prayer, and humiliation; we believe that there are dangers and trials ahead. May He that was with Moses in the wilderness, be with us; then all will be well.} This is a great undertaking, and I feel its importance more and more daily. I have been reading Dr. Linn on the unhealthiness of the climate of Africa; I feel it necessary to be in a constant state of readiness for death; we shall, no doubt, arrive in a very unfavorable time, - the rainy season -

" Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb -
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home."

About four o'clock this evening, a circumstance happened that gave us more uneasiness than anything had done since leaving America. A coloured man, by the name of P. Small from Philadelphia (a native of Africa) had a dog on board; a fight took place between this dog and one that belonged to the ship; this man and the captain of the ship engaged each other: things soon wore an alarming aspect; I feared for a few moments that there would have been several deaths- but Mr. Bacon interposed, and, with much difficulty parted them; the captain called for his pistols; however, their being brought was prevented; the captain soon got over his passion; the coloured people were all got below.- After things had a little subsided, Mr. Bacon came to me as I was sitting by the cabin door, bathed in

tears, said to me, " Brother Coker, this is an awful judgment upon us; come, let us go below and have religious worship." We did so with the emigrants. He said much, to the purpose; after he was done, I spoke to them in his absence for about a half hour; I felt that it was not labour lost - it was a weeping time.

AT SEA, FEB. 25, FRIDAY

This morning I was informed that Peter Small wished to speak to me. I took the first opportunity to speak to him. I laboured to shew him the harm he had done, and the situation he had placed us in. He gave in to my arguments, and said he would confess to the captain his fault and ask his pardon. I spoke to the captain to know if there could be an interview. Finding that there could, I went with Small to the captain and the thing was made up. The agent observed that it was a happy thing for the expedition that I had come on; that I served as a kind of middle link between the white and coloured, and that if they had not confidence in them, (the agents) yet they had in me; and as I was in the cabin with the agents, I was in all their councils, &c.

Oh God! help me to be true to my trust, and to act for the good of my African brethren in all things. I feel a great responsibility to rest upon me; may nothing move me from the right way. I am more and more pleased with the agents; Mr. Bacon only wanting a sable skin to make him an African. Never could there have been a better choice in my opinion as a leader: I believe he loves America, Africa, and his God. This day was a fast day; it was a good day at public worship; it was melting time among us. Oh my soul! praise thou the Lord. Surely the Lord will bless the colonizing society's exertions. We are in latitude 22° 2', longitude 29° 54'. Oh, how happy is my soul while I write these lines. Brother Nathan Peck is like a son to me. I love him.

AT SEA, FEB 26, SATURDAY

Nothing of importance occurred this day.

AT SEA FEB/ 27 SABBATH

We are making but little progress, owing to the wind not being in our favor. Our prospect of arriving in Africa is not as bright as a few days ago. But we have become resigned to the will of God, and have placed the expedition so entirely in the hands of the great head of the church that it has become a saving among us, even with the captain, " it's all for the best." For the first time, we had this day preaching on deck, at ten o'clock. The sailors listened with great attention to the word. Oh, that God may

cause his word to be effectual to the salvation of their souls! The word was dealt out to them in much plainness. Mr. Bacon is an evangelical preacher, and just such a man as is peculiarly adapted to be useful as a missionary. At three I spoke from Rom. 1, 6; there was much attention. It was a great cross; more than I have felt sometimes when speaking to 5,000 at a camp meeting. While I write these lines, the songs of Zion are sounding in my ears amongst the people between decks which helps to increase my hopes. All depends on our faithfulness. We hope to spend our Next Sabbath in Sherbro colony. How many prayers have, no doubt, been offered up for us this day, in America.

AT SEA MARCH 2, WEDNESDAY

This day we had to test the sincerity of our people. I found that the minds of the agents had become somewhat exercised by reason of some improper expressions made use of by some of the emigrants. It was communicated to me; I felt it to be my duty to do what I could to remove this difficulty. In order to do this, we convened the males on deck. I proposed to them, that all who had full confidence in the judgment and sincere friendship of the agents should sign their names to that amount. To this they agreed and all but two signed it. After this, things wore a different aspect for the better; my mind was much relieved; all seemed pleased. It appears to me the height of ingratitude to manifest any distrust of the sincerity of the agents, after such proof as they have given, not to say anything of their having left friends and the comforts of a civilized life. I have often been astonished at their kindness and patience. I should only do justice to say this of the whole of the agents. I think the Lord has ordered it, that my lot should be cast in the cabin, that I might witness the deep concerns of the agents for good of the poor afflicted Africa. I have often been laying in the berth ~~of~~, at the midnight hour, and witnessed them pouring out their soul in supplication. I think Mr. Bacon is more likely to wear out than rust out. At this moment my mind is carried back to the thousands of my colour whom I have left behind in America; and my soul breathes to God in their behalf. Oh! that we may so act as not to stop up the way.

The wind not fair, we move slow, and have lost some time in stopping a bad leak. Oh, how good the Lord is to us, that we are still preserved in the midst of danger. Praise him, oh my soul; and let all that is within me magnify his name! We have much religious worship on board. But, "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God must give the increase."

This day about nine in the morning, we were all made glad at seeing two of the Cape de verd islands, Fog and Brava. Had I not have ~~been~~ experienced it, I could not have believed that the sight of land could have given such heartfelt pleasure, after having been only 23 days at sea. And if this gives such pleasure, what shall the sight of Sherbro do? But while I write these lines we lay becalmed in sight of these islands, and make no headway. Surely the christian life may be compared to a voyage at sea: sometimes head-winds; sometimes storms; and then, a calm succeeds -

"Where'er becalmed, I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Least I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head."

We have seen two sails this day, which we hoped were the Cyane. At the sight of the last, the captain hoisted a signal, but it proved not to be her. I have been pleased with the little children on board; when the name of the Cyane has been mentioned pleasure seemed to be depicted in every countenance. May these children ever cherish a grateful remembrance of this benevolent and humane act of the country that gave them birth, and tell it to their children and their children to their children; and the Lord grant that this, and every subsequent exertion may be the increasing of our faith in the sincere determination of America, to heal the wounds that have been made in bleeding Africa. Surely America is about to shine forth among the nations of the earth, in building up the waste places of that land which I hope in a few days my eyes will behold with transporting joy. At that sight, methinks the language of Simeon will be mine. "Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Has not the day of Africa's salvation already begun to dawn? I imagine I behold the uplifted hands of thousands, in prayer, that it may shine more and more to the perfect day.

MARCH 9

This day about 4 o'clock, we anchored at Free Town, Sierra Leone. A number of the settlers, and what are called the Cruemen, or Krow-men came on board. The Cruemen go naked; hiring as labourers. They adhere to their superstition, of charms and witchcraft. I stood on deck and looked at these children of nature till streams of tears ran down my cheeks. There are several captured slave ships in port, brought in the other day, and the slaves liberated. The sight of them pained my heart, and made me glad. I was pained to find that the slave trade was still carried on, as it appears, even to a great extent; and pleased to find that

the British government was using such vigilance in endeavouring to stop it, in which it is seconded by the United States. The Cyane has not yet arrived in this port; but we hope it will not be many days before she will. The officers of the different British vessels have visited us this morning, and acted very friendly. The governor is not in town; but a messenger has been dispatched for him; he is expected in a few days. This evening at the time of prayer a friend by the name of Perry Lock came on board.. he is from America; and was so happy at seeing us, he could not contain himself; but shouted and praised God. He and Mr. Bacon took a hug. I have a letter to him from his brother in Baltimore, in answer to one brought to America by Mr. Burgess. While I write, he sits in the cabin of our ship. Free Town is a place of considerable trade, and is improving. Thank the Lord I have seen Africa.

SIERRA LEONE, FRIDAY, MARCH 10

This morning I went on shore. In passing through the market I saw strange things. There were many of the natives, both male and female, with their produce of various kinds. They were all nearly naked, both men and women. (See Issiah, 20th ch.) I saw sheep, pork, fowls, fish in abundance; oysters, sweet potatoes and all kinds of tropical produce. I was led to say, surely, nature is prodigal of her bounties. I was stopped in the street by some of the American friends who, recognizing me, said, the last sacrament that I received in America, I received from your hands, (at Philadelphia, when I was there on a visit.) They invited me into their houses and treated me with great kindness. I was then conducted to the court house, it being the time of the court of quarter sessions; I was conducted with much politeness into the jury's seats. Being seated, the sheriff, a white man, came and sat by me, and conversed freely on the nature of the expedition. They appeared to be satisfied. I must say I was pleased when I viewed the court; the grand jury was composed of coloured men. My mind was carried back to America. The reasoning of Mr. Harper, at Baltimore, came to my mind; there is such truth in his argument. Surely Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. While in court a man came to me to go to the house of the Methodist missionary, the Rev. MR. Baker, a white man from London; appointed by the British conference. I was treated with much kindness. I asked if it was not possible to make some religious impression on these Cruelmen? he answered that it was impossible; that they were like birds of flight. It may be proper to describe these Cruelmen. They are men who come down and reside in the vicinity of the town; and follow labouring; leaving their families at home for months, and sometimes years. After they have accumulated considerable together they return home ~~xxx~~ to the interior of the country, carrying back their earnings to their families; and so they come and go. They do

the chief of the labour in this place; ~~firing~~ cheap. I have no doubt that, if they would abide long enough, some good impressions might be made.

About four this evening, Mr. Bacon and I took a walk to their huts; a kind of town. We came to a large gathering of them, some hundreds perhaps. They had collected to play, shoot &c. It was a sight indeed. One of them, sitting in the midst of a mat, had been on board our ship the day before, and whom we had treated very kindly came to us and shook our hands; many following his example. We stood and viewed them for some time. After we left them about 100 yards, one came running back and ^{after us. We understood him to ask us to go} ~~asked us to~~ sing for them. We with much pleasure turned back, but he soon made us to understand that he wanted us to drink some rum. We told him that we no drinkev rum. We pointed up, saying God no likev dat. He shook our hands and left us. O how exemplary should missionaries be at this moment! Bishop Kemp's observations occurred to my mind: "The first impressions on heathens," said he, "are to be made by example." The fruits of the Gospel among these people must be progressive.

^c The Cvane has not yet appeared; neither has governor ~~M~~ M'Carthy returned. We wait with great anxiety for both.

March 11, Saturday

This day I had much pleasure in conversing with an old coloured man from Nova Scotia, one of the first of the settlers in this colony. Among other subjects, was that of the attack made on the colony by the French, and also by the natives. I can't say that the relation of this matter alarmed me.

MARCH 12, SABBATH

This day we had worship on board at ten. Mr. Bacon preached from Luke xix 27. Several of our coloured friends came on board and joined us in worship. We had a very comfortable time. An appointment was made for me at three on shore, at the Baptist church. At the hour I found the house full. I spoke to an attentive congregation, from the parable of the sower, Matt. 13. It is not an easy matter to imagine how I felt on this occasion. I had to observe that such an assembly I had never addressed before. Who could refrain from tears, to see afflicted Africa receiving her sons on her own soil. The field is surely white to harvest, - but who will leave father, mother, sister, brother, friends, and all the comforts of a civilized life, to cross the great waters and seek there lost sheep? After preaching, some old mothers, natives, came to me, pressing my hands, saying, "me live in de mountains; Godey bless you, my child, me feed on what you say;" at that moment my

soul could rejoice that my lot was cast in a strange land. The agents had an interview this morning with the governor of this colony; nothing has yet manifested the sentiment of the colonial authority that I know of. Mr. Kezzel has not yet returned from Sherbro; perhaps it is all for the best.

" Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed.
We spend our wretched strength for naught:
But if our works in Thee are wrought,
They shall be bless'd indeed."

MARCH 14, TUESDAY

This day I was invited to dine with the Interceding preacher, (sect unknown;) he is an old man of colour; our table was furnished in a style of sumptuousness, sufficient to have satisfied the taste of an epicure, to wit:- Mutton, beef, pork, fowls, oysters, fish, vegetables of various kinds, and of excellent quality. No wonder that Mr. Mills should say, when sitting at such a table, " that it was hard to distinguish between such a table, and " one in America."

I thought, while dining, that none but those who have seen the like, could have believed that such a table could have been furnished with the productions of the soil of Africa. This is a rich fertile land, but we follow not Christ for the fishes and the loaves. I saw nothing as to the true situation of the rights of the settlers of this place. There exists much complaint among the first settlers respecting their landed property; they say advantages have been taken of them. As I am a stranger among them I was very reserved giving no advice or opinion. This I find to be certain, that they have taken the oath of allegiance to the British government; and those who would not, can hold no land. I will not predict the consequence; I hope God will direct them and the government they are under. A knowledge of this circumstance led me to speak very plain to our agents. This is a matter in which my children and the rising generation of Africa are deeply interested; they gave me every satisfaction, and I have the utmost confidence in them, and shall have, till I have cause to change my mind. Should we settle in Sherbro I think it will be difficult to prevent the American people from leaving the British colony, to come among us. As the agents wish a union among the colonists, or between the two colonies, great care will be taken as to the regulation of this matter. This evening I preached in the church above mentioned, with great satisfaction to a crowded house and yard, from " The wind bloweth where it listeth," &c. St. John iii, 8.

March

FEB. 15, WEDNESDAY

This day we are making great exertion to get from this to Sherbro. But great difficulties are in the way. I fear that the anxiety of Mr. Bacon will endanger his health. Dear men! how he labours in this difficult time; for there appears to be insurmountable difficulties in our way. The Lord alone can open our way.

March

FEB. 16, THURSDAY

This day is a trying time, difficulties on every hand to view; by some, both white and coloured, it is affirmed that the ship cannot possibly go to Sherbro. And according to the charter party, she is only allowed fifteen days to lay at anchor. Eight days have passed away already. And notwithstanding the agents, I believe, have made every possible exertion to charter or purchase a small vessel, it appears almost impossible. And the captain will not venture to go with the ship. I have never felt so much for Mr. Bacon, since leaving America. Many things seem to unite to discourage us and to make us wish ourselves in America. But this is the time to try our confidence in God. And I feel confident at this dark time, that God will open the way, I know not how. "We walk by faith, not by sight." I rest the matter in his hands. He that divided the waters for Israel will open our way, if we hold on our faith. Perhaps Mr. Bacon, has more than ten times this day exclaimed, or asked the question, "Brother Coker, what is best to be done? Oh that the Lord would help us," &c. Not that he doubts, but he relies wholly on God. Last evening we were informed that Mr. Mr. Caulker, from the Plantains, a head man of that place had arrived. He has not been here for seven years before. This circumstance was, from various considerations, calculated to give rise to many conjectures. At a late hour I went on shore to learn the nature of his visit; but could get no information. This morning Mr. Bacon and I were introduced to him; we found him to be a man of education. He was educated in Liverpool, England. We entered on the subject of our expedition. But it was impossible to learn his mind. He acted with so much reserve. I speak this to his credit. When we came out, Mr. Bacon asked my opinion of him. I answered that I saw nothing favourable in his countenance, as to words he spoke but few, and they had but little bearing on the subject. He appeared to be full of thought. But time must develop his real sentiments. It is likely that he is a sample of the African chiefs. Mr. Bacon concurred with me in this opinion. Mr. Bankson has not yet returned from Sherbro, we expected him last night. We went to Sherbro to see Mr. Wessel. This evening another Spanish slave schooner was brought in, a prize to the Tartar frigate with 80 slaves. Although I have read Clarkson's history of the slave trade, yet when I saw this small vessel, (she anchored near us) I was astonished beyond description. I cannot conceive where they stow the sufferers. This afternoon two missionaries of

the church of England came on board of our ship. They related a circumstance that is enough to make the hardest heart bleed. viz- A Spanish ~~star~~ vessel was captured by an English ship with 400 slaves on board. When they found they would be taken they put poison in the victuals, and out of the 400 all died but six, as soon as brought into port. What a day will the judgment be! This day I saw, for the first time, several of the Mandingoes; (they are Mahometans). They distinguish themselves by a long white dress. I spoke to them but had not much time for conversation. They are said to be full of deception. Some of them are men of liberal education, in Arabick. I believe it will take great missionary exertions to bring these Mahometans and Pagans in. But it will be done.

Many in America even of my coloured friends have censured Captain P. Cuffee. But I have this day conversed with a number of those whom he brought out; and they all speak of him in the highest terms. Christ could not please all.

MARCH 17, FRIDAY

Captain Sebor of our ship, has at last determined to go to Sherbro with our ship and Mr. Pacon has purchased a handsome schooner of a British armed vessel at about \$3000. At 11 o'clock we got under sail for Sherbro; both ship and schooner. We have coloured pilots on board both vessels. Mr. Bankson has not yet returned from Sherbro, nor have we yet heard from him, or Mr. Kezzel or the Cyane. May the Lord direct us.

Eight o'clock; our ship is now becalmed, and we have come to anchor nearly opposite the Bannana, the residence of Thomas Caulker. In conversing with our coloured pilot, we learn much respecting ~~the~~ slave trade. It is necessary for us to use great prudence if we would inform ourselves as to this nefarious traffic. It is much easier for us to discern the evil than to discover to our satisfaction those that have no hand in it. We must keep our mouth shut, our eyes and ears open. We were in hopes this morning when we left Sierra Leone, that we should have met Mr. Bankson, before this time on his way from Sherbro; but have not; neither have we heard from, or seen the Cyane. We have conjectured many things. But it is all conjecture.

MARCH 18, SATURDAY

This morning we got under way, at day light; our schooner is a-head but in sight. We labour under some little apprehensions of difficulties from the natives, on account of some advantages that they conceive the English have taken at Sierra Leone. Our trust is alone in God. We have not seen or heard from Mr. Bankson (one of the agents) I cannot conceive what detains him. No ac-

count of the Cyane. It is now eight o'clock in the morning. We learn with sorrow from our pilot who is well acquainted with Sherbro, that the natives are in the habit still of giving the red water, and burning for witchcraft. He saw a woman burnt about nine months ago on the Pannana island, which is now in sight. He shewed us the sand beach on which she was burned. Oh! when will satan's power be broken? Surely these are his strong holds which the power of the Lord alone can demolish. We learn that the slave trade is still carried on at the Galena to a shocking degree. But this must not discourage us, as we believe that God is on our side. We have not yet determined how far it would be right to act on the defensive in case of being attacked, although we have arms with us. I hope that God will direct us in this matter. We have talked and thought much on it.

At eleven, we were opposite Cape Shilling, a British settlement for captured Africans. This place has been settled since Messrs. Mills and Burgess were on this coast; and it is thought that it was their coming out that caused the governor of Sierra Leone to take possession of this place. We can see it from the ship with the naked eye; it is quite a settlement. Thomas Caulker lives on the Pannana, opposite; but for the act above mentioned, he was threatened by the British, and has left the island, and gone to Camaranca river. His son (twenty years old) is on the island. I can see Thomas Caulker's large house without a glass. At twelve o'clock, we are now losing sight of the Pannana and Cape Shilling, and are in sight of the Plantains, the residence of George Caulker, whom I saw in Sierra Leone. This man's sentiments may be seen in Mr. Mills' Report, 2d. An. Rep. p 27. It is a small island, water ten and twelve fathoms. We can see the mouth of the Camaranca River. At half past two o'clock, we are below the Plantains and Turtle island. I will here observe, lest I forget it, that all on board are well; this is to me a surprising thing, considering how free we have all made with fruit while at Sierra Leone. We only had to go into the woods and gather oranges, pineapples, limes, &c. &c. as we would do apples, peaches, &c. in America. Our schooner is about ten miles behind, a ground. We have anchored about twenty or thirty miles from Sherbro island. The sand has a handsome appearance, looks level. I have to labour between hope and fear as to our reception. At this moment the language of my heart is, while I write and look at the vast tracts of land in sight, - Oh, God! is there not for us a place whereon to rest the soles of our feet? Will not Africa open her bosom and receive her weeping and bleeding children that may be taken from slave ships or come from America?

"When will Jehovah hear our cries?

When will the sun of freedom rise?

When will for us a Moses stand,

And bring us out from Pharos's hand?"

At eight this evening it was such a time of rejoicing as we have not witnessed since leaving America. Our schooner is now alongside and Mr. Pankson has met us with joyful news from Sherbro;

he has seen Mr. Kezzel and one of the headmen. They rejoice to hear of our arrival; but we must rejoice with fear and trembling. I can't say that my confidence is any stronger than at 12 o'clock, although things are much brighter. Oh, that God would preserve us from doubting. We have some reason today to apprehend difficulty from our agent not being an old man; it is a great thing in the palavers.

MARCH 19, SABBATH.

Half after one, we weighed the anchor of our schooners; took the furniture and married persons out of the ship, the pilot of the ship not thinking himself competent to take her to Sherbro island, about 25 or 30 miles from where we now lie. At three we are sailing with fair wind in good spirits. Surely God directed in the purchase of this schooner; I know not what we should have done without her. It is worthy of remark, that this schooner, which is now taking us to land, was a few months ago engaged in the slave trade; she was taken by the British, and bought by our agent. When Mr. Pankson informed Mr. Kezzel that we were come, he asked if we had Christ in our heart? If not, they had better have staid in America. He gave the offer of our staying in his little town until we might obtain land and erect houses, &c. He sent 12 fowls and a bushel of rice. We can see the high land that we hope one day to get, on the main land. It is about thirty miles from where our ship now lies, and up the Bagroo river.

MARCH 20, MONDAY

Last night our schooner got aground and prevented our getting to Mr. Kezzel's, as we expected; I staid on deck all night in the dew, leaving my berth in the cabin for the little children; I don't feel so well this morning. We got under sail this morning at day-light; at nine o'clock, we are sailing in four fathoms water, opposite the mouth of the Bagroo; it has a beautiful appearance; as we sail near the shore of Sherbro island, we can see the little towns on the shore, eight and ten houses together, built round and thatched with grass. The natives sit naked on the shore, looking on us with surprise as we sail. The trees around the houses look beautiful indeed. We have just got in sight of Mr. Kezzel's ~~ham~~, where we expect to stay during the rainy season. We can see Mr. Kezzel walking on the beach, waiting to receive us. O God! thy name be praised, that it is not a lion, a tiger, or company of slave traders that we first see - which might have been the case. When we came to shore, we were gladly received. Mr. Kezzel had erected some small houses, or huts, in case we should come from America, and perhaps arrive in the rainy season, that we could stay in these till we could get land and build houses. It is very surprising that all this Mr. K/ had done, although he has

never heard from America since the return of Messrs. Mills and Burgess. But God is in this work. I expect that a few of us who are to bear the heat and burthen of the work will suffer much. But our labours will, I trust, be seen and gathered by the generations yet unborn. Our old friend, Mr. Kezzel says, that we shall put a small crop on his land for this rainy season.

MARCH 21, TUESDAY.

I find John Kezzel to be a short, dark, man; African born reads and speaks English well, a man of information; I believe that he has more than any we have brought with us. I think he is able to give us all counsel. I conversed with him today on christian experience, and found that he professed that he had been converted. I was much edified by our conversation. Few coloured men that I have met with can excel him in quoting scripture. He is considered by the natives a head-man, and his influence is great. He has built a small meeting house in his town, and preaches in it himself, to his little society. He is no friend to division among us. He wishes Mr. Bacon, himself, and me, to be closely united, and to keep our respective societies, as much like one as possible. We are making arrangements to that amount. We have not, or should not, come here to establish sects and parties; but build up Christ's kingdom. Darkness has covered this land, and gross darkness the minds of these people. There has been a message sent to the kings and chiefs, informing them that we were come, and for the palavers to meet at Mr. Kezzel's. But these men must have their own time; they can't be hurried. I expect that we shall realize many difficulties before our palavers are over. The water at this place is not good or plenty, and is too near the river, which is salt, to admit of a well. But ~~when~~ we shall look out for new springs. Mr. Kezzel's land where we stay is good; but it is low. The land we hope to get on the main is much higher. We can see from here high ridges of mountains, covered with tall trees; it is said that the water there is very good and plenty. As to the navigation I can say but little; I believe it is but little known, for the natives all use canoes, and have never sounded the water. This, however, we expect to do, should our lives be spared. Our schooner, of one hundred tons, came up to Mr. Kezzel's.

MARCH 22, WEDNESDAY

We see thousands of fish playing in the water of this river today. We laid out our seine and made a fine haul. We learn that there is a plenty of oysters; we see plenty of the shells. We had a tornado last night, and a little rain; today it is cool and pleasant.

MARCH 23 , THURSDAY

This evening three or four of the officers of the Cyane arrived at this island in one of her barges; leaving the ship at Sierra Leone. It was a time of much rejoicing to find that the Cyane was not lost. The schooner is busily engaged in bringing the cargo from our ship. Mr. Bacon has just started for Sierra Leone for the purpose of laying in some more articles for the palaver, which can't be done without.

MARCH 24 FRIDAY

We have just heard unfavourable reports from King Sherbro, we has sent to Mr. Kezzel to inform him that he will not come to speak or hold a palaver; and that the country is in an uproar. Somebody had gone and reported through the country that a parcel of Americans had come and turned Mr. Kezzel out of his town, and all his people, and had put some of his people in a hold. This information came about two hours after Mr. Bacon started for Sierra Leone, which makes it so much the worse. We had a consultation among ourselves; and Mr. Kezzel and I have concluded to take about thirty of the women and children to King Sherbro and to some of the princes and shake hands with them; and take some small presents with us. We think of starting to-morrow, if the agent gets back, so that I can obtain leave to go with them. May the Lord direct us in this matter, at this critical juncture. I believe he will. We expect that all who are engaged in the slave trade at the Galenars, both white and natives, will try to do us all the harm they can, by setting the chiefs against us. They well know, if we get foot hold that it will be against the slave trade. For two hours to-day it was very warm; the rest of the day being very cool and pleasant. A fine sea breeze.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25

This day we had to bring before the justices of the peace a man for stealing. While I was examining him he observed that he did not like to be examined by a mulatto, &c. Mr. Kezzel arose, the house being full, and observed, that " Mr. Coker was a descendant of Africa, and was appointed a justice of the peace; and that he would suffer no such reflection to be cast; and that ~~if we~~ if we had not men enough to support Mr. Coker, he had, and it ~~shoud~~ should be done; and that for that crime, he ought to be put in irons; that some would not be governed by white men, and some would not be governed by black men, and some would not be governed by mulattoes; but the truth was, they did not want to be governed by any body: "But", said he, " the civil authority must and shall be obeyed." He then spoke to me, and said, " Sir, proceed in your

examination." After he had spoken all was quiet enough. The man had twelve lashes on his bare back.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26

We had our Sunday school begun this morning. About twenty of the native children entered. It was a pretty sight. We had preaching twice today.

MONDAY, MARCH 27

We have not been to King Sherbro yet; one of the other kings having sent word he was coming so we have been waiting for him. This morning he came. I shook hands with him. He was dressed very fine, and seemed glad to see me. I gave him a small present. As two of the agents are at the ship, thirty miles from here, and Mr. Bacon ~~atx~~ is at Sierra Leone, I have to do as well as I can. We want to go to King Sherbro's tomorrow. I think we shall do well with King Farrh, who is now here. My fear is, that we shall not be able to get a palaver before the ship starts back for America. But I have no doubt that we shall succeed in getting lands.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28

This day another head man has come to see us, which has prevented our going to see King Sherbro. I spent some hours in conversing with him, or them. Mr. ~~Rezzel~~ interpreted for me. They appeared satisfied with my statement. We ate together. When he was going away this morning, he asked me down to his town with him, to get some cocoa-nuts, pine apples, and pamlin wine. But as none of the agents are here at present, I told him I would when I should come back from seeing King Sherbro. This evening, Mr. Bankson, our second agent, has arrived and is well. ~~He~~ approves of all that I have done and says I must go tomorrow with some of our people and Mr. ~~Rezzel~~ to see King Sherbro, and take some presents, and get a palaver called. I think that our prospect is becoming very encouraging. We must not get ~~discouraged~~ because things do not go on as fast as we could wish. These people are very slow in doing business. The king and head-man who was here today say that if Sherbro will not let us have land, that we must and shall have land; that he has as much, or more land than King Sherbro has; and that we must have land to sit upon. He asked me many close questions about America. I see plainly that it will be impossible to get on with our palavers without spirits; for which I am sorry. But it is the slave-traders who ruin these people, in every sense of the word. I hope that when the land is got, spirituous liquors will never be made an article of sale in this colony; and I hope

that the Colonizing Society will be particular to prevent coming to this colony, persons who are fond of drink; for, I conclude, that persons coming to this place, will be regulated by the society. It is all important that it should be so; and my opinion is, that if proper care is taken to send industrious and sober persons, in a few years we shall exceed the colony of Sierra Leone. It is desirable that some mechanics should come.

MARCH 29, WEDNESDAY

This morning about thirty of our people, Mr. Kezzel and myself, started in a canoe to King Sherbro. About nine o'clock we arrived at the king's town. We intended to pass on to Prince Concuber, but we were hailed, and put in; found the people friendly, but had soon to start to the prince's, as it is he who must introduce us to the king. On our arrival we found that the king's power is merely a nominal thing; for he has no power. All the power is in the prince Concuber. On our arriving at his town, all the people were introduced to him; after which, Mr. Kezzel took me by the arm and led me into his house, and introduced me to the old man. He received me cordially, and said he was glad to see me, &c. Had supper got for all our people. After supper, I felt it to be my duty to go to prayers in his house. So, after singing a hymn, we knelt down, and I offered up a prayer to God for the conversion of Africa, &c. He, and a number of his people were present, and attentive. I felt strange feelings in prayer. Great God! what darkness reigns here. He gave me excellent lodging.

MARCH 30, THURSDAY

This morning I walked about two miles out of town; was pleased with the view of the country. When I returned to the town found the prince and people up. I convened our people in the yard and had prayer. The prince had a goat killed and dressed for our breakfast. The prince having a small cannon in his yard, we gave him two salutes with the same. I had much conversation with the prince after breakfast - and, as he speaks the Bulum language, Mr. Kezzel was my interpreter. I endeavoured to learn his mind on some points; but could not get a direct answer. He observed, that he would answer me in a few days. I then informed him that I did not expect that the palaver would take place before our ship would return, and, as I was writing a journal, to send home I wanted to write as satisfactory as possible. He said he would get his headment together before the grand palaver was held, and hear my questions; but, informed me, that we need not be uneasy as to getting a place to sit down on - that is, get land. He sent his canoe and seven hands, and his son, to help to bring us down. Took all our little children in his arms, &c. I have no doubt that this man's

influence is very great; and I have great reason to believe that he is pleased with the prospect of having us to settle in his country. This prince's son talked much with me this day, and declares his determination to come and sit down with us, when we get settled. He wants to learn to read. I think it certain that we shall soon get a palaver to our advantage, and satisfaction. On my return, this evening, to Mr. Kezzel's, I found Mr. Bacon returned from Sierra Leone, in good health. We found this morning that there was at the sea-bar, near King Sherbro's, one hundred slaves on shore, in irons, ready to be put on board of a schooner now lying there. Our coloured men talk of going up in the small boat and releasing them, or trying for it. Had we about ten thousand of our coloured people from America, here, what might we not do! But we must trust in God, and do what we can.

End